

## THE MISERABLE QUEEN.

ERNEST H. HEINRICH.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

ALTHOUGH Anista was a queen of very great wealth and beauty, and although her husband was one of the best men that ever lived, still she was constantly expressing her dissatisfaction with her lot and she always wished for something different from what she had.

Of course a person with such an unhappy, discontented disposition could not bear to see other people in a good humor. She even hated to hear anybody laugh and once when she observed one of her servant women smile she immediately ordered her head to be chopped off.

"If I, as the Queen of this land," she would say, "cannot be happy, I will certainly not allow anybody else around me to have any pleasure, either."

Thus it was natural that her household was the most miserable imaginable. The Queen even went so far as to have all her servants dressed in black to give them a still more mournful appearance. If a stranger would have happened to come into the domestic hall, the melancholy aspect of the surroundings was enough to make his blood freeze in his veins.

But there was one place in the royal castle where the Queen and her husband were the only people who were happy. That was in the little room where the gardener and his wife lived with their little daughter Matilda. Like all people who have been so long and so happy in their own home, the gardener and his wife were a happy man, and so were his wife and little child. The little girl was the faithful companion of her father in his work in the royal gardens and greenhouses, and it was a very pleasant sight to see Matilda with her little hands busily occupied in lessening the duties of

the gardener. As the girl grew older she became more useful, and it seemed that the more she was employed, the more she blossomed. The roses, the carnations and the other blossoming floral beauties the more increased her own charms and loveliness. It seemed as if the wonderful beauty of the girl had been slipping away from her face in reflections of an indelible sweetness.

But alas! for the happy gardener and his family it happened that the miserable Queen came into the garden one day, and as she was walking through one of the pathways, which lead through the flower beds, she noticed little Matilda running along, singing and laughing at the top of her voice. The child was watching a beautiful butterfly drinking the sweet dew from the petals of a rose blossom, and as the delicate creature flitted away, the child's face was lit up with a radiant smile, and Matilda yelled in childish glee.

The Queen, however, became red in the face with anger when the innocent laughter fell on her ears.

"Who are you and what are you doing in this garden?" she said to the little girl, and the child, who had not heard the Queen approaching nearly fell to the ground in her terror.

"I am Matilda," she replied, fearful of the great looking lady before her, "the gardener's daughter."

"If the lady Queen was angered because she saw the child, she became even more enraged when she observed the wonderful beauty of the girl, the child's laughing face, and the child's happy mortal to live near me," she muttered to herself, "especially not such a beautiful girl. What will become of me, the Queen, when my daughter is even happier and more beautiful than I am myself."

Then Queen Anista blew a whistle, which brought from the garden a detachment of half a minute three black-clothed men appeared in the garden.

"Kill this girl," the Queen commanded the men, and they immediately drew their swords and crossed them over the head of the child, and the innocent blood flowed in the dust and the innocent blood flowed from the flowers, there suddenly arose from out of the garden a most terrible sound as the report from a thousand cannons.

The Queen called for the executioners.

The earth shook, black clouds gathered in the sky. The flowers in the garden withered and shriveled up as if by the blast from a red hot furnace had struck them. The rivers dried up, the water in the wells receded into the ground, the houses collapsed and the walls of the royal castle crumbled into dust. The Queen stood transfixed, and before this extraordinary spectacle and before she recovered from its effects, all the people from the castle came running into the garden where the Queen stood, still trembling from head to foot at the deed she had done. The King, who was also in the crowd, had run away from the castle and was touching the Queen by the arm, he said:

"What has happened?"

"I do not know," she replied.

Then the King, who had seen the dead body of Matilda and the three executioners, their swords covered with blood, turned to them.

"What is the cause of this?" he thundered at them.

Shaking with fear the three related that the Queen ordered them to kill the child, and that they had obeyed her command.

"Why did you have that child killed?" now asked the King of Anista, his wife.

"Why? Because she annoyed me with her laughter. I hate to see people happy and contented, and I will permit it no more."

"I am Queen of this land," she said, "and I will permit it no more."

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hear all the laughter I can. Life is but short anyhow and the worries, troubles and sorrows are manifold. They come often without our bidding. Therefore it is better to be satisfied with the most of the happy hours which come to me. The age of youth especially is the season of happiness, and for your awful deed of having this innocent mite of youthful girlie killed because she laughed I cannot divine of a punishment adequate to the seriousness of the transgression. But from this moment I will banish you from my heart as I banish you from my throne as my Queen. Go hence, and never will I see your face again."

Thus it was that the Queen, who had been so kind and so good to the gardener and his wife, now became so cruel and so wicked to them.

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## THE DISCARDED DAUGHTER OF THE LATE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

FIGHTING FOR HER HERITAGE.

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.]

PARIS, October 26.—We are all hoping the Countess de Cuvry will win her suit against the Duke of Cumberland and the town of Geneva. It will be decided by the Supreme Court of Brunswick shortly. The Countess, who is known here in Paris, is trying to gain a decision that she is really the daughter of the late Duke of Brunswick. If she does she will come in for a goodly portion of the millions that the late Duke left behind him. The "Diamond Duke," as the French used to call him, was a Guelph, and once stood at the head of the most illustrious royal house in the world. Why, when he was born, in 1804, he had 16 godfathers and godmothers, the representatives of all the non-Catholic States of Europe.

He relates the story, for it is very interesting. Not long after Prince Metetrich had been crowned King of Saxony, he belonged, that is to say, to the throne of Brunswick as an independent sovereign, he got strange notions about reforms into his head, and so the man who made and re-made kings, advised him to travel, to go to Berlin, Vienna, Paris, to pay a visit to that old Europe that may be, were four waistcoats and ruled over Great Britain.

They made much ado of Duke Charles over in London, and his chief companions were the Dukes of Clarence and Sussex. One day he was in the park with a young girl named. He was in love with a young girl, beautiful and well-born, Miss Charlotte Collville, and intended to make her his wife.

But when he was about to do so, he found his carrying out his wishes, he took Sussex for ally, and there was

Posthaste hurried them to Dover in the dead of night, and they came in disguise to Paris to spend a short honeymoon. In a few months he had to leave her, and he installed her in the Castle of Wendenes. She had a chamberlain and ladies of honor, and lived a life of luxury like some Pompeii or a Constantinople.

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## CAPITAL AND LABOR.

TRADES UNIONS AS A MEANS OF CONCILIATING DIVERGENT INTERESTS.

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

Probably there is no question of more importance to the wealth-producing classes of the country than that of trades unions. Trades unions have now become such a significant factor in the daily transactions of capital and labor that their policy and aims are of the very greatest importance to almost every citizen in the land. Nowadays trades unions are so numerous and so influential that they can do an exceeding amount of good or a considerable amount of harm.

Trades unions are, unfortunately, too many and too powerful. They have brought about results exactly the opposite of what was intended. However, that was no fault of the principle of unionism, but entirely the fault of those who put that principle into operation and applied it under the circumstances.

The object of trades unions, in general, speaking, all right, but there is such a fearful misunderstanding existing as to what a labor union is, and the conditions under which it should be organized, that it is almost impossible to read of the most serious and expensive blunders being made by the concerted action of workers. Trade is so disorganized that the entire community suffers from the lack of a guiding principle.

It is not the object of this article to discuss the merits of the various trades unions, but to point out the true economic functions of a labor union, and the conditions under which it should be organized, that it is almost impossible to read of the most serious and expensive blunders being made by the concerted action of workers. Trade is so disorganized that the entire community suffers from the lack of a guiding principle.

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